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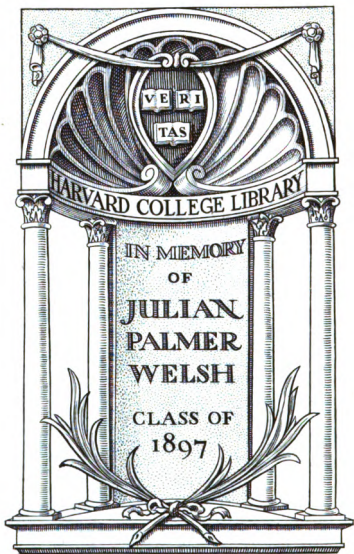
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E. S. Chadwick.

THE

REVISED

1817

NOSIAD,

OR

THE MAN OF TYPE AND THE MAJOR DOMO.

CANTO FIRST.

BY ICHABOD SATIRICUS F. R. S. OF S. O. N

“ Pray let me laugh, good sirs, I must, I will,—
Indeed, my laughing muscles wont lie still.”

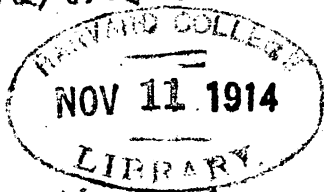
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

June, 1829.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse grown a Gossip, is bedevil'd for sport.—Tells all she knows of Presidents, Dignities, &c.—The Man of Type.—Visit to the President—What he saw.—The Major Domo. The Major insults the Man of Type.—His exultation and prospects of greatness—The Man of Type demands an explanation.—The Major's refusal and a further insult.—The Man of Type's revenge—pulls his nose.—The bustle at the President's house at the sight of the Major's nose.—The baker, butler servants, &c.—His mother, her queries and fears.—He consoles her with a history of the combat.—His Father in a rage.—Threatens the Man of Type—sends for his privy council, continues to rage.—His wife rebukes him, recounts things past, &c.—He's angry with her and swears.—She again cautions him, and tells him the consequence of intermeddling in the nose affair.—Night.—The Major seeks comfort in bed.—Close of the Canto.

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Welsh fund

THE NOSIAD,

OR

THE MAN OF TYPE AND THE MAJOR DOMO.



CANTO FIRST.

My muse of late has such a gossip grown,
That she wont let e'en men of State alone,
But rants and prates, O scandalous ! and sings
Of "well-born" small folks, and of would-be Kings :
She's so bedevil'd with the love of sport,
That she attacks e'en dignity at court.
Not e'en the President—his friends and son,
(For any act they foolishly have done)
Escape her lash, for tattling through the streets,
She tells it all to ev'ry soul she meets ! !—
Just hear her sing, nor laugh too loud or long,
However risable may be her song ;
For roundly swears the muse the tale is true—
Heroick—Comick—Tragical and new.
Behold in Washington, the poet tells,
A man of Type, with other people dwells ;*
A wicked wight, opposing those in pow'r—
A modern Mars, born in an evil hour ;
Who 'gainst his foes will sword nor pistol wield,
But pulls their noses 'till they squalling yield.
"He and his wife and his wife's mother went,"
With other guests, to see the President ;
Their best respects to Madam pay, and then

* Man of Type, probably means one of the Editors of the Telegraph.

Survey the Palace and return again—

And used, no doubt, what ‘*Etiquette*’ they could,
Congeeing low, as those Leveeing should.

Up winding stairs—through gorgeous halls they tript,
’Mong seats of “Ebony” with “Topaz” tipt—

The Green room veil’d with eastern grandeur fraught,
With carpets spread, in foreign countries wrought—

Saw costly wares in pompous style displayed ;

Spoons, Bowls and Pudding sticks, of silver made ;

Gilt Chandeliers—much China edged with gold

And “English Goods,” of which young Adams told.

While this went on, the Major Domo stood,*
In sullen, surly, Bull-frog-swelling mood.

As old tom cats look wistfully at game
So near their match they fear t’attack the same,
Through dread of claws as dreadful as their own,
They are constrain’d to let the foe alone ;
So on the man of Type, our Major glared,
And would have pounced poor devil, had he dared.

Bent on some plan to free the house of those
He deemed in politicks his father’s foes,
Proud cock’rel like, he heard his brazen crest,
And thus, unmannerly, a friend address’d.

“That fellow there would never thus appear,
Were he a gentleman, parading here”—

“He’s not by us—my father, Clay and I,
In estimation valued very high.”

These words insulting, there’s no doubt were meant
By this young sprig-son of the President,

To raise a breeze—or from the mansion send
Each saucy visitant, not “FATHER’s friend”—

They had effect—and as the son desired,
The man of Type and company, retired.

The day is mine, the “well-born” Major cried,
With self importance, and with all the pride,

Young dunghill cocks, at victory display ;
Clapt his gilt wings and proudly stalked away.

At early hour the major sought his bed,

True “Sancho” like, with “Islands” in his head—

* The Major Domo, probably means a certain *greman’s private secretary*.

E'en Thrones he saw on golden pillars rear'd,
 And crowns in embryo, to him appear'd ;
 Lords, Dukes and Peers—a princess and a groom,
 Like phantoms rose and bobb'd about the room ;
 Then he'd exult at what himself had said,
 And laugh outright, so giddy was his head ;—
 Nor thought for once the man of Type would claim
 An explanation—or the insult name.

O, sad mistake ! for soon a "note" was sent
 Demanding prompt what such expressions meant.
 Which when the major in a pet had read
 Dash'd to the ground and insolently said,
 " I'll not apologize—I'll not explain,
 But were he here, I'd speak it o'er again ;"
 Then strode away, majestically proud,
 Nor e'en so much as to the bearer bow'd !

As oft we've seen the morning sun arise
 And pour his beams o'er bright, and brilliant skies,
 With all the signs e'er noted, that portend,
 The day should have a clear and stormless end—
 Ere noon arrives, in sadness we've beheld
 That sky o'ercast, the sun in darkness veil'd ;
 Heard thunders roll, beheld the lightning's flash,
 Rain, wind and hail in elemental clash ;—
 E'en so we saw the man, that in the morn,
 With such contempt, such haughtiness and scorn,
 Look'd on mankind—ere night her empire claim'd
 Beset—repulsed—tweaked—mortified and shamed !

The man of Type determinedly bent
 On some excuse—on some acknowledgement,
 The Major Domo sought—nor sought in vain,
 He finds, accosts, requests him to explain :
 To which the major haughtily replied,
 With all the insolence of pamper'd pride.
 " You know me Type—and know too, well enough,
 That I, than you am made of better stuff ;
 I'm more revered, and my more noble blood
 Has crept through Gentles since before the flood—
 My Grandsire here, once stood in office high,
 My father now—and who can tell but I,
 Well born, well bred," some future day may stand
 To see them admired, to rule this favored land !—

“ What notice then ought *I* of you to take ?

Gods ! *I* to *you* an explanation make !

What then I spoke to your offended ear

I'd now repeat and incensed you should hear;

But I forbear. * * * *

“ You and your note deserve an equal fate,

The world's reproach and my most potent hate ! ”

The man of Type, whate'er was his desire,

Could not restrain the rising of his ire :

But, sad to tell ! disloyally arose,

And “ tweak'd ” alas ! the Major Domo's NOSE ! !

Not e'en the Louse,* which from the royal pate

Of George, the King, dropt sprawling on his plate,

When view'd by majesty—flat on his back,

In expectation of the killing “ crack,”

More fiercely scrabbled to escape his foes,

Than did our hero to defend his nose.

Behold him nextly in his father's hall,

Where baker, butler, ostler, cook and all

Around him throng, and eagerly propose

A thousand queries with respect to nose.

Quick through the house the awful tidings flew

And all the servants from the kitchen drew :

Some would have laugh'd and others almost cried,

Boys bit their lips, girls tender hearted, sigh'd,

As each on him with different feelings gazed,

Pleased, grieved, astonish'd, wondering and amazed,

The humane butler, eldest of the host,

First asked him humbly if he'd met a post!

And there the baker in a soothing tone,

Ask'd, in some fracas, if a brick or bone

By some rude hand, had not at him been hurl'd,

Then cursed all “ base-born ” knaves throughout the world

Lastly the ostler with uncover'd head,

Grief in his looks and quivering with dread,

Proposed to know if he had not been kick'd ?

If so, old Dobbin should be damn'dly lick'd !

He heard their questions, but 'twas all in vain,

Nor sign, nor answer could they then obtain—

For much he doubted, if his lackeys spoke

With aim to comfort or with mind to joke :—

* See Peter Pindar's Lousiad.

At length behold ! his doating mother came—
 Have pity, reader, pity on the dame !—
 For he who sees a woman thus distressed,
 With fears encompassed and with grief oppress'd—
 Can view the tears that course along the cheek,
 Hear the tongue falter as she strives to speak—
 The quiv'ring lip the heaving breast behold,
 Untouch'd with pity must be deadly cold !

She view'd our hero as he sullen sat
 Unmoved, unconscious of the servant's chat—
 His visage view'd and frantick sigh'd—" my son,
 What in the world have you been doing on ;
 Or rather, boy, what has been done to you ?
 How pale your face is and your nose—how blue ! !
 " O ! wo is me !" O what disgraceful fray
 Have you took part in ? answer me, I pray—
 Sad are the griefs that I am forced to bear:—
 Why this rencounter, and with whom and where ?
 " Much do I fear we all have been disgraced—
 Your honor tarnished, and your name debased !
 Fain would I know—come tell me now, my son
 Who your antagonist, and what's been done.
 And will your father and his party share
 In this—ah me ! dishonorable affair ?"

At this he rous'd—he raised his drooping head
 Look'd on the matron wistfully and said—
 " Dismiss your fears, kind mother, while I tell
 The sad disaster that my nose befell—
 Since you command, my duty's to obey,
 There's no disgrace attach'd to this affray
 That e'er can harm my mother or her son,
 Or him that father'd me, nor any one
 That favors now th' amalgamation plan,
 Laugh as they will and publish what they can."

Like some poor criminal before his peers,
 With guilt tormented and a thousand fears,
 He now rehearses to the trembling dame
 The dreadful tidings and confess'd his shame.

" As I this morn through the Rotunda went,
 To bear a message, by my father sent,
 The man of Type—a curse on all our foes !—
 Rose unawares, and damn him ! tweak'd my nose."

He would have more, but lo ! his father came
 Hot from the Capitol—his soul on flame—
 He'd heard there'd been a dreadful battle won
 In nasal combat and against his son !—
 Not Polyphemus on the dismal night,
 That mighty Ulysses destroy'd his sight—
 Not e'en that Knight, who, when to sight restored,
 His "gentle May," saw in the pear "tree w——d"—
 Raved half so bad, or half the anger show'd—
 Nor half the curses on the world bestow'd,
 As did the father of our hero vent
 On him of 'Type—and our "weak Government."
 "By Heav'n my boy the raving father said,
 There's wo on wo, hangs o'er thy foeman's head—
 Congress shall hear by message what's been done,
 Decree what punishment is mete, my son,
 For such offenders, and for such offence
 Shocking to rulers and to common sense !—
 "Laws now in force are but for common folks
 That bite and gouge and crack their saucy jokes—
 There'll be one now to shield the nobler ones,
 Kings, Lords and Presidents, and princely sons !—

"Hither, my page, I tell thee haste away,
 Call Barbour, Southard, Rush and Doctor Clay,
 Th' "immortal" Daniel, Samuel, Tom and Ick—
 I want their counsel, and I want it quick ;
 Tell them what's happen'd—that I want their help
 'That man of Type ! curse on the saucy whelp
 I want their counsel to devise a plan
 To scourge and torture that offensive man."

When lo ! his wife her ranting husband eyed,
 Loosed her glib tongue and thus to him replied—
 "Why such a stir, sir, just about a nose,
 When you've refused at all to interpose
 In worse affairs, for some good reason's sake
 When life in danger was, and souls at stake ?
 Don't you remember, sir, when Mr. Clay
 The life of Randolph would have ta'en away ?
 You saw all that with an approving eye,
 When one or both you doubted not must die,
 I nothing then beheld in you as now ;
 Your tongue was mute, and placid was your brow.

" You know, my lord, our son's not always right,
 Remember his readiness the other night,
 Not him of Type, nor any man of sense
 Would receive such insult without offence—
 'Twas that no doubt which caused the sorry fray
 In the Rotunda acted o'er this day ;—
 I think myself 'tis better far for you
 This nose affair no further to pursue,
 But let it pass unheeded by us all—
 Perplex not Congress with a thing so small.
 See your opposers as they gapping stand,
 From North to South, throughout this mighty land,
 To spy some act of yours to ridicule,
 And prove if possible that you're a fool ;
 Remember what and how much has been said
 About the loss of our " West India Trade"
 Missions to Panama and England sent—
 Your Harris letter written while at Ghent—
 Of sums of money from the Treas'ry took
 T' reward Jack Pleasants and the traitor Cook—
 And other faults, too num'rous here to name,
 'Too true alas ! to leave a blotless fame !"
 Think you, my wife, in silence I shall hear
 To you, vain woman, trembling with fear,
 And see our son so cursedly abused,
 His friends so wounded and his nose so bruised.

As I 'm an anti-mason, ma'am I swear,
 A message to Congress I will prepare ;
 State the whole case—There's woes in store for him,
 Who put our son in such a graceless trim.
 Weak women's clack ne'er had effect on me,
 However forward or discreet they be ;
 With minds contracted and their judgment such,
 Whether they talk " too little or too much,"
 'Tis all the same, such premises they take,
 With reas'ning wrong, they false decision's make ;
 And ten to one their counselling is wrong,
 When view'd by man with intellect more strong."

" You much mistake when thus you deign to speak,
 And call us women forward, vain and weak.
 Like men we've judgment, and have minds as strong
 As oft are in the right, as seldom wrong.

And if it happen that we step astray,
 'Tis ten to one by men we're lured away—
 "And spite of pride" in your false, "reason's spite,"
 Women, than men, are oft'ner in the right ! !—

"How many times have I, my lord, to you
 Imparted counsel, salutary, true,
 Which had you followed as a husband should,
 Your name, e'en now, more hon'rab'le had stood !
 Did I not warn you in a former day
 To shun the intrigues of the man of Clay—
 To stand, unpledg'd from all the Webster clan,
 An uncommitted, uncorrupted man ?"

"You spurned my counsel and you now behold
 Foes waxing hot and friends becoming cold,—
 Intrigues and bargain in your teeth are hurl'd,—
 Your name a by-word to the laughing world—
 Yea, former friends now acting with yourfoes—
 To expose your foibles and your empire close !

"Pray hear me once, nor prize my counsel vain,
 If now I err, ne'er hark to me again—
 This subject drop, nor further interpose,
 T'excite loud laughter, in the affair of nose,—
 Or else depend—nor weak the warning call,
 You stand a jest till mortified you fall ;"
 The golden sun, in all its splendour drest,
 Behind the hills that tow'r along the West,
 Had now retired, and twilight's sombre grey
 Had held its reign and stilly passed away—
 When "Night the negro came" dark, damp and drear,
 And with it restlessness and dreams of fear.

Our Major Domo weary of the day,
 Chagrin'd and mortified, now crawled away ;
 Pain in his nose and megrim in his head,
 To try the virtues of a downy bed.
 What dreadful dreams and ghastly spectres, grim,
 Unwelcome bed-fellows, tormented him—
 How in a vision he was placed on high,
 Within a "Light House" balanced in the sky—
 How long in tribulation sat his sire,
 Knitting his brows and brooding o'er his ire,
 Like Eastern prince, awaiting his Divan,
 His "privy Council," to advise a plan

To wreak a righteous vengeance upon those
 Who *had* or should deface a Prince's nose—
 Where and how long the plodding council set
 What hour they parted and the time they met—
 On what expedient each member hit,
 By dint of reasoning or stretch of wit,
 'To punish him of Type with black disgrace,
 And shield the noses of the royal race ;—
 What in the Message was—and what was said
 By folks in Congress when the thing was read ;
 And how the Man of Type with fears beset,
 Stocks, Thongs and Pillories in decision met,—
 With other laughables 'n affairs of State
 In Canto second shall the muse relate !

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO SECOND.

CANTO SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Address to the Muse.—Allusion to State affairs.—Night. The Council seek their sovereign.—Find him in woful plight.—He compliments them.—Tells o'er his complaints.—Faults of his wife.—Reports her conversation.—Has fears of her politicks.—The "Pronoun I," volunteers his services.—The "Immortal man" checks him.—Proposes a punishment for Type and calls on Great Hillsborough—Hillsborough's excuse.—Calls in his man the Doctor.—The Doctor's advice.—Is rather egotistical, &c.—The "Pronoun I" again, with his Pillory.—The Council in a quandary.—Old Lexington's speech, gives his opinion in the nose affair, expresses some fears for "safe precedents."

Proposes a Nosical Message to Congress—agreed to, with some reluctance.—The Council visit the Major Domo; hear his compliments; find him fidgety.—The Doctor gives him his advice; and they all retire.—The P——t prepares a message.—Morning.—The mother rises and repairs to see her son.—He tells his dream.—Has visited his Father's light House.—Saw men in the moon without noses in the face, &c. Type in trouble.—Bad visions.—The hour for Congress to meet arrives.

They meet, silently wait for the message on noses.—It is sent in; members panic struck.—The Message read.—Its effects on some of the members.—They scold, denounce the Jackson men.—A committee is named.—Their task.—Cannot agree.

THE NOSIAD.

CANTO SECOND.

Come, fickle muse, again resume the song—
Why absent thus, and absent why so long ? [pen'd,
Dull months have pass'd since 'neath thy smiles were
The closing scene at our first Canto's end.

Since then, alack ! what overturns in States—
What bragging, puffing, quizzical debates ;
Dinners and barbecues, stump-speeches and
“ Coffins and Monuments ” have graced the land ! !
You'll recollect, kind reader, if you've read—
We left our Major in his downy bed,
His sire in wrath—his ma'am with grief opprest—
The Council sent for—and poor Type distress'd.

When dreary night had o'er Creation spread
Her blackest cloak, and all the stars had fled
Behind those clouds that hid the “ deep blue ” sky ;
And rogues are safe from peering watchman's eye ;
The summon'd Council, sympathising souls !
Like birds nocturnal, issue from their holes ;
And through the streets, in darkness grope their way,
To find their Sovereign, and their homage pay.

They find his majesty in woful plight,
His phiz much lengthen'd and his reason quite
In an unsettled state ; yet to his friends
He feigns a smile, and courtier-like extends
His hand to each grave Counsellor, as each
Bowling, approach within fair shaking reach.

Then thus he spoke—“ Good sirs, I joy to see
Such pure devotedness to mine and me !—
What other sovereign e'er till now could claim—
What other nation e'er till now could name
Such loyal subjects to a realm or Throne,
As this Republic has—and I must own ! !
The trouble of our house, you've doubtless heard—
Report has ten-times told it, word for word ;—

A sad affair, which much I fear will tend
To bring some rights to an untimely end !

That man of 'Type—you know him ~~one~~ and all—
That Jackson cub—uncivilized I call !

A "fearful deed"—unparallel'd, has done,
To tweak the NOSE of my much-honored son !—
For your advice to set this matter right,
I've call'd you here this melancholy night—
What punishment, for such offence, is due
I must submit, dear Gentlemen, to you.

My wife, alas ! I sweat the thing to name—
She, whom till now, I ne'er had cause to blame,
Has counsel'd me to let this curst affray,
With lighter sins, unnoticed, die away—
Then spoke of deeds as bad, by others done—
The "Webster pledge," Clay's duel, and so on ;
Till through my soul, some chill suspicions ran,
That she had turn'd to be—a Jackson man !!!
On your advice, I thought more safe to rest,
Which if no better, shall be prized the best."

Then from his seat the little "pronoun, I,"
Rais'd his swell'd trunk and volunteer'd to ply
A "Cat o'nines," to him of Type, if those,
His friends in Council, would insure his Nose !
"Hist there, thou boy," cried out "th' immortal man,"
"A punishment so mild I never can
Give my assent to—ride him on a rail ;
Set him in stocks, or cage him in a jail ;
Scourge him with Scorpions—alas the crime !—
Think whose—the nose—the place too, and the time !—
What think, great Hillsborough—come, your advice ;
You've been a Judge, sir, and the case is nice."
"Well-a-day," Great Hillsborough replied,
"I've been a Judge—and many things beside—
But truly, friends, my head is so confused
I'm not myself—must therefore be excused.
"Old Bank concerns so occupy my head—
My March Epistle, which you've doubtless read
(In which I fibb'd a little, I must own,—
Nor stand in that, kind gentleman, alone,)
That cursed thing, the "Tariff Bill" we call
'v brother sick—my "Agency" and all,

Have so deranged—so over-fraught my brain,
 That ten to one if e'er I'm sound again :
 But here's my friend, the Doctor, he'll prescribe,
 For him of Type, and all the Jackson tribe.”
 Here closed his speech.—The Doctor nextly spoke—
 Slow were his words and vacant was his look.
 ‘As a physician, I have practiced much
 In *hypos*, cholics, hemorrhoids, and such
 Chronick diseases, which affect mankind,
 ‘With a success’ that others seldom find.
 But here's a case quite different, you see ;
 And one ne'er practiced on, in faith, by me.
 I challenge satan to prescribe a plan,
 To physick right this nose-abusing man !
 But as a punishment, in part, 'tis meet,
 I think, to blister him from head to feet ;
 When take the plasters off, and o'er and o'er,
 With *Brandy*, baste his limbs and body sore ;
 And on that hand which did the ringing deed,
 Are every nail, till thumbs and fingers bleed—
 And then, my friends, this last sad office done ;
 Cox well his ears and let the rascal run !”
 And lastly, for our Major, I propose
 A lib'ral pension to his crippled nose.”
 A can of “Soda Water” then he quaff'd,—
 Dropt on his seat—and all the Council laugh'd !
 When from his stool, the “Pronoun I,” again,
 Bobb'd up and said”—a scheme has struck my brain ;
 Which I think far the wisest plan
 To quell the pride of this offending man.”
 'Tis this my friends,—that on the Public square
 “Pillory” we raise, high in the air ;
 So that we'll drag, (as best to me appears)
 This man of Type, and “nail him by his ears ! !”
 What think, grave counsellors, as wise as grey,—
 Which plan's approved ? mine or the Doctor's ? say !”
 Like scales, with equal weights on either hand,
 Wixt doubt and doubt, the plodding council stand :
 His one his forehead slaps, that squints his eyes ?
 Another scowls most learnedly, and wise,—
 The third one looks towards the sable sky ;
 The fourth and fifth are ready to comply

With a majority ;—and thus they stood,
 In silent, sullen, contemplative mood,
 'Till shrew'd old Lexington, the man of Clay,
 Swept at a breath these cob-web schemes away !

“ Foels that ye are ”—the orator began—
 “ With shame, I’ve heard each hell-approving plan
 You’ve conjured up from regions dark below,
 Where devils dwell and demon spirits go ! ”
 “ It looks to me unchristian-like and strange,
 That you should thirst for nought but cold revenge,
 When this foul deed, that he of Type has done,
 If managed right, may help us every one ! ! ”
 “ Let this abhorr’d, this nosical event
 Be through the land, in all directions, sent ;
 Let ev’ry man, empower’d to print the Laws—
 Hired, paid and bound, t’espouse the Adam’s cause,
 Our seal’d commands receive, without delay,
 To represent it as a Jackson fray.
 And should we, friends, succeed in this affair,
 And have the same politically bear
 In Adams’ favor, it may save us all,—
 For we with him must surely stand or fall ! ”
 “ Safe precedents ” alack,—if right I see—
 Appear *less safe*, than heretofore, to me !
 But let a Message by the President,
 Be in the morn to both the Houses sent ;
 To them describe this tragical affair,—
 In Heav’n trust—and rest the matter there ! ! ”
 “ Tis better far, that on this nation fall,
 “ War, famine, pestilence ”—the de’il and all
 Than that we see one royal nose abused—
 And “ base born ” rogues from punishment excused ! ! ”
 In silent awe this midnight council stood,
 As on their heads came tumbling like a flood,
 Each keen rebuke, sarcastically sent
 From him of Clay, well tim’d and eloquent !—
 ‘Time waits for none—the night-watch echo’d three,
 Ere to these plans the Council all agree.
 The Doctor, Daniel, and the Pronoun I,
 Pure Northern Bloods, could see no reason why
 Their yankee notions should be doomed, as state,
 d Western Clay o’er Eastern Brass prevail ! !—

But so it was decreed. The council then
 Propos'd to rise and seek their homes again.
 But ere they take their leave, they all propose
 To see the major and the major's nose.
 The sire assents and, rising, leads the way
 To where his son in deep affliction lay.
 "How are you, Jack," the Doctor loudly cried—
 "Not very well," the major low replied ;—
 "Pain, shame and rage, three hags of dreadful mien—
 Hyp, chills and nightmare, family of spleen,
 Together leagued, a dreadful phalanx form,
 Besiege my brain and all my senses storm ;—
 Repose and sleep, as these approach'd me, fled—
 Reason gave up, the "horrors" seized my head ;
 Wit scud away to seek some "noble hole,"
 And phantom jilts jigg'd deftly with my soul !
 Strange notions then creep o'er my troubled brain—
 I'm first a war-horse, plunging o'er the main ;
 From bed I bounce, kick up my heels and neigh,
 And all the horse in antic curvets play—
 'This part performed, I take another shape,
 And think ("more rational") myself an ape.
 The monkey then I play in gambols rare,
 'Till worried down, then to my bed repair.

Here long I tremble—but 'tis all in vain,
 No fix'd position will abate my pain—
 Fain would I sleep, I woo and woo repose—
 I shut my eyes, but then can only doze,
 For midnight sprites encompass me about ;—
 And conqu'ring fear drives all my courage out.

With eyes of brass, huge grizzly heads appear—
 Tall headless trunks about my room career—
 Blue devils thick in at the window slip,
 Glow at my nose, then thro' the key-hole whip :
 Witches in shrouds, grim ghosts and goblins dire,
 With brimstone matches and with brands of fire,
 'Mid smoke and stench, at chess and billiards play,
 Cheat, swear and quarrel—then dissolve away ! !"

"A curse," the Doctor cried, "on ghosts and hags,"
 "I'd give thee rest, had I my saddle bags—
 Such nostrums there, for hyp and spleen I keep
 As never fail'd to make a patient *sleep* ! !"

“ But I must off, for up the heavens, far
 Above the mountains, winks the morning star—
 Along the East faint streaks of light appear.—
 The darkness thins—soon, soon will day be here;
 Till then, young friend, resign thyself to sleep—
 E’en “catnaps” have a tendency to keep
 (As by experience I’ve often found)

“ Wind, limb,” the brains, wit and the body sound !—
 Then for their homes, ’neath night’s protecting shade,
 These statesmen wise, their different courses laid.

And now our P——t, the meeting o’er,
 Each window hasps, and fastens every door ;—
 For tales of ghosts had partly filled with dread,
 His “stomach stout,” or fidgeted his head.
 Then to his study, as advised, he goes,
 To fix a Message in behalf of Nose !
 Nor long he plods—his “rhetoric” supplied
 The lack of sense and ev’ry want beside.

This task perform’d his Excellency repairs,
 To drown in sleep those melancholy cares,
 That o’er his soul had held their direful sway,
 Destroy’d his peace and drove his wits away.

Meanwhile, old Sol, the glorious King of light,
 Rode up the East majestically bright ;
 Dark, priest-clad night, before him stalked away,
 While nature smiling, hailed the lovely day.
 Up with the sun th’afflicted mother rose,
 Her cap adjusted and put on her clothes ;
 Then to her son, with cautious steps, repairs,
 To see his phiz and nosical affairs.

“ Good morn, my son, the loving mother spoke,”
 As from a drowse our major, yawning woke ;
 “ How have you rested pray ?—Ah much I fear,
 Your head’s been fidgety, your pain severe !
 To which the son as readily replied”—
 “ That I’ve been *out* can hardly be denied ;
 Nor that my nose has tingled some, in sooth,
 Will I deny—and as to sleep—in truth,
 Since ghosts and counsellors have kept away
 I know I’ve dreamt—but if I slept—cant say. f
 I, on some fairy beast, I can’t tell where—
 In various courses gallop’d through the air ;

O'er mountains high, on whose chill sides there lay,
 'Neath summer suns, snows ne'er to melt away—
 O'er oceans deep and inland seas I sped,
 O'er forests dark, and yawning caverns dread.
 At length the flying nag on which I rode,
 Untired as yet, beneath his pond'rous load
 Towards the zenith took a wheeling flight,
 To an unknown, unmeasurable height ;
 Where there appeared to my astonished eyes,
 My Father's "Light House" pendent in the skies.
 To that I thought my fabled bearer flew,
 Placed me within its walls and then withdrew !
 Thence I beheld, as wonder-struck I stood,
 Earth far below, and planets round me view'd :
 Saw Merc'ry, Venus, Jupiter and Mars,
 GeorgiumSidh, and the seven Stars ;
 Yea, all the planets that around the sun,
 In their fixed orbits regularly run,
 With ev'ry satelite that round them sail ;
 And one huge comet with its burning tail.

The silv'ry moon, of all the heav'nly host,
 However bright, drew my attention most ;
 For there I saw, or dream'd I saw, at least,
 Without a Telescope, both man and beast,
 Diff'ring from ours, on terra firma, but
 As garments do from diff'rent patterns cut.

Dame nature tho' such wisdom has display'd
 In forming man, in one improvement made,
 As here, I know, would quadruple her fame,
 And with *our* race immortalize her name.
 No noses there, those handles of disgrace,
 Are seen, as here, protruding from the face ;
 But safe from tweaks, more easy to defend
 They're placed, vice versa, on the other end ! !—
 More had he dreamed, but as his mother spoke,
 The vision fled and he alas, awoke ! !—
 Then from his bed, some what refresh'd, he rose,
 Cursing, like Doctor Slop, his Jackson foes—
 And from his chamber to the kitchen crept,
 Look'd in the glass and sigh'd, grinn'd, swore and wept.
 There for a while we leave him and return
 To other themes. Be silent then and learn,

'That panick fear, like cholic's gauging gripe,
Had play'd her gambols at the house of Type.

Some fairy post, that through the air careers
With gossip tales and "whispers" in our ears,
Had, from the Council, hourly borne the news
To Type, and told their projects and their views.

He saw in dreams the Pillory arise,
Beheld his foes and heard their savage cries—
Saw giant Leth, his cat-o-nine-tails crack—
The Doctor's plaster, ready for his back,
The man "Immortal" with a sharp edged rail,
The blue bumbailiff and the yawning jail ;
E'en at his nails he sensed a twinge severe ;
And felt the box left tingling on his ear ! !
At this last blow (if e'er you'd such a stroke,
You know its worth) the man of 'Type awoke,
Half way betwixt a sweat and something worse,
Roused up his spouse, and then began to curse
Such cruel dreams, the major and his foes
And all enraged at this affair of Nose ! !—
When thus his wife—" For Heaven's sake be still,
I too've been warn'd by dream, there's something ill
In store for you, or plotting by the great
Bugs of a party, and the first of state !"—

" So let it be—yea, let them do their worst,
My fingers yet are sound, and I'll be eurst
If one man's nose, how e'er so high his head,
Shall shun their pow'r and go unwrung to bed."

Thus they converse, till mild Aurora's dawn,
From distant hills, spread o'er the smiling lawn.
When they arise, and rise alas, to hear,
Of food, than dreams, more nourishing for fear !

At length the hour arrives for those to meet,
That, fit or not, in Congress hold a seat :—
Thither they flock, and solemnly await,
Th' official expose of a Nose's fate !—
Unusual gravity o'erspread each face,
And sober silence there for once found place.
At last appeared by a new bearer sent,
The look'd for Message from the P——t.
A dread suspense pervades each trembling soul,
And horror chill shot freezing through the whole

"The Prince is dead"—low breathed some Royal friend,

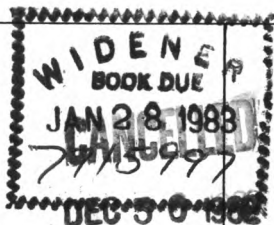
"Thus modest worth, finds an untimely end ;"
 Slow from his seat, the Speaker then arose,
 (And what his feelings, but himself who knows ,)
 And to the House th' unwelcome Message read,
 As others heard it, with a shudd'ring dread !—
 The feeling sire, rhetorically there,
 Had laboredly described the sad affair ;
 And call'd, as men had reason to expect,
 On them for laws more safely to protect,
 From "tweak and snub," each "well born" stripling's
 nose,

And make it legal to insult their foes ! !
 The Message read—some humane members sigh'd,
 Some cried "O Lord," and some for vengeance cried.
 Amalgamation in its holy ire,
 Denouncing Type, consign'd him to the fire,—
 Like troops in Flanders, terribly they swore,
 Curst Jackson's friends and Jackson o'er and o'er.
 One moved that Type be by the "sergeant" sought,
 And nolens volens, be before them brought,
 And cap in hand, in front the Speaker, stand,
 And there receive a Nation's "Reprimand."
 'Gainst this "Resolve," a major part protest,
 And by their votes, and arguing the best,
 They in the House a Nose Committee name,
 To hear the parties and "Report" the blame—
 Weigh off what punishment, if any's due
 To either party, and say which 'tis to.
 With scales for hairs—for feathers far to light,
 And weights of air to balance 'gainst a mite,
 This grand affair, this sworn Committee weigh'd,
 Compar'd each count and fair deduction made.
 When in our scale they placed the claims of Nose,
 Its fellow voice, reluctantly arose :
 The major's "sauce," the other scale receives—
 And that to Nose an equipond'rance gives !—
 The case so nice—so equal balanced stood,
 With all their wits, and argue as they could,
 They've ne'er agreed, in our Report to name,
 Which party's right, or which the most to blame,

And undefin'd still stand the rights of Nose,
And Type at large, the terror of his foes—
And how at last, this grand affair will turn,
Be patient friends, from Congress you must learn ! ! -
A. D. 1828.

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